

Just big boned

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Summary: New Job, New House, New Car. What could go wrong other than a giant skeleton in your back woods? (2nd Person)

Just big boned

You couldn't believe it. With the purchase of this cheap-ass house in the middle of nowhere, you could finally pursue your dream of teaching. Ever since you were young, you could only dream of being in the position of a teacher.

It seemed so alluring, being able to pass on the knowledge of your time and theirs - to shape who and what would be here in the next twenty years. After getting a full ride to college, you broke out with a Masters in the science of teaching kids.

You saved every dime, denied every party, and barely got yourself a dinky car and even dinkier house in an out-of-the-way spot. Just how you liked it. Loneliness might get boring, sure, but you were happy like this. Losing out on the whole "romance" thing was well worth the trade, you think.

"Only one more week" you told yourself, walking in the surprisingly cozy house. Your home. "One week and I'm going to give it everything I've got!" Determination filled you as you thought of how, no, you weren't going to be like all of those nasty teachers of yore. You were gonna be that one teacher all the students say they hope they get, told stories about to their friends about how cool you were and not a loser.

But that's in the future. Here now in your house sat a small living room really only fit for one person. A TV and couch sat center, with a tall lamp sitting in a corner and a potted plant in the other. The plant was sitting next to a door leading to the only bedroom in the house - and a queen bed sat forlorn, as if begging to be slept on. "Soon enough, little buddy. There'll be plenty time to sleep

later."

As of now, you were heading to your back yard - the door leading to adjacent to the bedroom which you found peculiar. No matter, as you breathed in the air you said aloud

"Yeah, this is just th-"

CRASH

"Wh-what the hell?!" you yelled as you sprinted off the patio in the direction of the noise.

Nothing but a falling tree could have made that noise. Your mad dash had landed you right in the middle of nowhere. It seemed as the distance of your house grew, so did the trees.

Where you were, the trees were practically gargantuan in size, sprawling endlessly in either direction, and the methodical snapping of the oversized twigs under you was the only comfort you received.

"Glad I was only, uh, jogging in one direction, otherwise I'd be in quite the pickle right now," mumbling softly, perfectly aware you were doing a lot more than just jogging "but I still need to find whatever made that noise. It rattled my bones." Laughing softly to yourself at the bad pun, you inexplicably felt the urge to bang your head against a tree. Puns do that.

You decided to take a small breather. Whatever made that noise could wait or was already gone, you supposed. That was, until you heard a steady thudding coming your way. Startled, you tried to hide behind a tree. Peering around, you saw a skeleton wearing a blue parka lie down in a clearing, causing another crash to sound. Luckily, he was tilted away from you, and sounded like he was.. Snoring? Could skeletons snore? Strike that, it was a dumb question. Could a living, sentient, sixty-foot skeleton wearing a parka in the middle of a forest comprised of trees only slightly taller than him?

Nope.

Nope, they can't.

You were asleep, laughing to yourself. You had to be!

What a queer dream.

You decided to pinch yourself, waiting to wake up from this hell.

But you didn't.

You wanted to cry at this revelation, you wanted to scream in the absolute terror you were facing facing the possible wrath of the forest skeleton, you decided to run the out of there.

Snap.

"Oh shit."

Snapsnapsnapsnapsnap.

"Oh shit!" You then decided to bolt it. Why didn't you notice? You should have waited for the giant to fall farther into sleep. After your first branch was cracked under your weight, the object of your fear decided it was a nice time to be a light sleeper.

Looking back for just the moment, you could see the two pinprick lights the monster had where eyes should be, and he did not look happy to be woken up.

Why me?

Suddenly, his hand was crashing in front of you, halting your progress. The width of his hand, oh god, was the height of you! Grabbing you surprisingly soft considering you felt like he was probably just going to off you anyway you were jerked to his face.

"Ohshitohshitimsorryididntmeantowakeyouupiwasjustgoingtogohomeitwasanaccidentisweardonteatmeimnotverytasty" was all you could muster out before he let out a "Shh" motion with his free hand. Almost too eager to comply, you did so.

"now, I'm going to let you down. when I do, you're not going to scream or run off." Psh, as if you could run now. You were paralyzed with fear at the prospect of even being in this guy's presence.

He let you down surprisingly gently, not going too fast or too slow to appear inconsiderate or menacing.

"So, do I have any hope at all to make it home and forget all of this happened?" I timidly begged. Maybe not to him, but myself. If I even had the slightest chance to make it home I'd be reliving this moment for years to come.

Suddenly, the entire ground around me shook. An almost explosive force pushed me up in the air a couple feet and caused me to gain a splitting headache. The result of all this? The fucker was lying down with his elbow supporting his head. Close enough for comfort, but not far enough you'd think of even trying to dash and not too close as to where a breath would knock you down.

"Want me to draw you like one of my French girls?" you asked, suddenly surging with confidence, hoping to god he'd understand.

"what?" there is no god, and if there is he's laughing at you right about now.

"Oh, uh, nothing. It's a reference, I guess.." You trailed off.

"My name is \_\_, if you were curious." Shuffling your hands in your pockets it took your all not to cry at the situation. You were a naturally bashful person and being here only heightened your anxiety.

"the name's sans. don't worry, i won't bite." that was.. A relief? You weren't sure yet.

"Oh, that's great. I don't mean to be rude or anything, but what is it I can do to not leave here dead?"

"hmm, i dunno kid" \_kid\_?! you were an \_adult\_ thank you very much. But you kept quiet for the most obvious reasons in the world. "i get really sour when i'm woken up, but how about this? tell me a riddle i can't solve, and i'll let you go" Is this skeleton really going sphinx on me?

"And If I don't?" You were really dreading the response

His Cheshire grin extended even further, if that was possible.

"want to find out?"

"N-no!"

"alright, well, get thinking. i've got a lot of time." he looked forlorn at that comment, but it got the best of you to even try to make head or tails of it.

You took a moment to inspect the moment you were in. This giant really heard you snap a twig only the size of your foot. This giant wearing a blue parka, white t-shirt, black basketball shorts and pink fuzzy slippers really is deciding to play God and give you one riddle to escape with your life in this (relatively) large clearing of (relatively) giant trees.

What?

Alright alright, \_. Focus. Best riddle.

"Okay, I've got one. A doozy." You prepared your absolute best riddle you've ever thought of or plagiarized off the internet. "What's deeper than you can see, touch, or feel, but is seen everywhere?" You're sure you got this. You just came up with it on the spot, to be honest. Hopefully it was enough to be able to net you your freedom.

"...well, you got me there. no clue. guess i'm too empty headed to get it" he signed off with a wink. For some reason, you found yourself irrationally relieved he never asked you what the answer was.

"Yes! I did it! Wait, did you just make a pun?" he grinned eagerly and nodded his head. You found it contagious, and also found yourself laughing. Whether it was due to your new freedom or it was actually that pun, it was a euphoric moment of happiness.

A few minutes later, you both settled down (he found himself laughing along with you at one point), and eased in a comfortable silence.

"Hey, sans."

"yeah, \_?"

"I was honestly really scared of you at first, not gonna lie. But anyone who can crack a good pun can't be a bad guy, you know? I don't

believe it's possible."

"thanks. what brings you down to my neckbone of the woods, anyway?" His voice was indescribable. Whether it was because of his size or it actually was his natural baritone, you found yourself enamored with it and constantly wanting to hear more. Chuckling softly, you decide to tell him the truth.

"Well, I was just taking up the fresh air when I heard this huge crash in the woods ahead, and as any nosy guy would do, decided to check it out. I was worried someone was in danger, and I took a quick rest near a tree." you paused for air "You couldn't believe my surprise when I found an unusually tall skeleton waltz down and try to sleep. I didn't want to stick around to see what would happen, so I tried to edge away softly. You know the rest."

"interesting." He said nothing more.

"Uh, well, it's pretty late and I'm pretty tired, so mind if I get going?"

"hm? oh, sure. it's no problem. have a good one." He made to get up, but you didn't want to seem like you were trying to just get away. It must get lonely out here, and you could use a friend in your new situation. Besides that, Sans seemed cool. Besides the fact he was going to kill you and all, you patted down your trousers and decided to ask him if he wanted to talk again.

"Sans, I'll see you tomorrow?" The skeleton froze, and looked at you very slowly and very surely. You thought he could even be.. Sizing you up. Looking for a lie. Luckily, you weren't and he left with an unsure sure. It's the best you could get right now, oh well. As he trotted off, leaving tremors in his wake and trees bending in his path you noticed something that chilled you to the bone.

You had no idea where you were

End  
file.